

Kentucky Gazette.

Wall, Cu. et. M.

"True to his charge—he comes, the Herald of a noisy world; News from all nations, lumbering at his back."

No. 23.

LEXINGTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835.

Vol. 50

OBSERVE.

Valuable and Important Information.

WE notice below some of the principal schemes for the month of June, and our patrons will not fail to perceive that they fully sustain their reputation for **BRILLIANCE** and **ATTRACTIVENESS**. Long experience has shown that Fortune's Head Quarters are permanently and exclusively at Sylvester's 130 Broadway, N. Y., where it is the interest of every body to send for tickets who wish for a happy and comfortable independence. —SYLVESTER always distributes **CAPITALS**.

Thirteen PRIZES in every twenty-five tickets.
AS MANY PRIZES AS BLANKS.
VIRGINIA STATE LOTTERY.
CLASS 7.
For the benefit of the Town of Wheeling. To be drawn at Alexandria, June 20, 1835.
CAPITALS.
THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.
\$30,000!
10,000 DOLLARS.

TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES of \$1,000.
\$30,000! \$10,000! \$5,000!
5,000 dollars, 4,000 dollars, \$3970 5 prizes!
of 2,000 dollars, 5 of 1,500 25 of 1,000 25 of 500 200 of 200 dollars.

Tickets only Ten Dollars.
Certificates of a package of 25 tickets, will be sent for \$130. Certificate of halves and quarters in proportion.

J. S. SYLVESTER.

Magnificent Scheme

Fifteen Prizes of Five Thousand Dollars.
THE VIRGINIA STATE LOTTERY.
CLASS No. 13.
For the benefit of the Disposal of the Canal Company. To be drawn at Alexandria, June 27, 1835.

66 Nos. 10 Ballots.
CAPITALS.
\$30,000!
\$30,000!
\$3,000, 9,000, 2500, 2160!
2,000 25 of 500 24 of 300 40 of 200 dollars, &c. &c.

Tickets only Ten Dollars.
Certificates of a package of 25 whole tickets will be sent on receipt of 120 dollars, halves and quarters in proportion.
Send early if you want the capitals, as there will be a great run for tickets.
Be sure to address

J. S. SYLVESTER.
130 Broadway, N. Y.

WHITESMITHING.

FREDERICK KLAIBER, lately from Germany, has the pleasure of informing the citizens of this city and county, that he has just commenced the above business, next to Mr. John Murray's Silver Plating Shop, and nearly opposite KESLER'S TAVEN; where he will be happy to attend to all calls in his line, viz: the repairing of
FIRE ARMS, DOOR LOCKS, &c.
N. B. The highest price will be given for old KEYS.
Lex. June 6, 1835—22-3m.

The Observer and Intelligencer will insert the above 2 months.

STONE CUTTING.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEAD AND FOOT STONES AND DOOR SILLS, with almost every article in the above line of business, can be had of the subscriber, and forwarded to any part of the State, from the Lexington Stone Yard, Upper street on the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
P. DOYLE.
N. B. I will attend to the putting up of work, when taken from my shop; at any place within 15 miles of the city.
Lex. June 2, 1835—22-4f

PASTURE.

(Fowler's Garden.)
IN addition to my Pasture at home, I have the Race field, where I will receive horses on moderate terms. I will also water and salt them with care.
B. C. BLINCOE.
Fayette county, June 6, 1835—23-4f.

LAND FOR SALE.

A VALUABLE tract of Land lying on Lake Bolivar, in Washington county, Mississippi, containing about 800 acres, 175 in a complete state of cultivation. On the land is a new Dwelling house, a first rate Gin and Mill, and all necessary out houses, including stables, corn cribs, cotton out houses, and negro cabins. For further particulars apply to J. B. & S. S. Fox, in Vicksburg, or to the subscriber on the premises.
B. M. HINES.
Vicksburg, Miss. May 7, 1835—25-10f.

SCHOOL AT BORDENTOWN.

—We congratulate the friends of the Church, at Bordentown, in the success which has crowned their laudable efforts in the cause of sound education. The Rev. SAMUEL EWING ARNOLD, whose advertisement will be in our next, has established a high reputation, as a teacher, during his connection, as Principal, with the Academy at Freehold. His papers, which have been submitted to us, including testimonials from Sir Howard Douglas, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of New Brunswick, from the President and Vice-President of King's College, Windsor, and from the Trustees of the School, over which he presided in that province before his coming to New Jersey, are of the most honorable character. An intimate personal acquaintance with him gives us the highest confidence in his fidelity and success. We know of no place more desirable as a residence for children, than Bordentown; and we commend the School, under Mr. Arnold's direction, to the most liberal patronage. —Ed. Missionary.

BORDENTOWN ACADEMY.

THE central position of Bordentown, its singular salubrity, and its facility of access from the principal cities in the Union, have long marked it out as a most eligible location for seminaries of learning. For the information of those who have not visited this town, the following extract from the Right Rev. Bishop Dean's last conventional address, is here inserted:—"There is certainly no place in the whole country, better fitted for the establishment and support of schools and seminaries of learning, than Bordentown. Most beautiful for situation, proverbial for health, at the head of steamboat navigation, on the Delaware, and accessible twice in every day from New York, and from Philadelphia, the ground has but to be broken to ensure the most abundant harvest." The Reverend Mr. Arnold, A. M. of the University of Windsor, (Nova Scotia) respectfully announces to the public, that arrangements have lately been completed for the establishment of a boarding, and day school here, which, (God willing) will be ready for the reception of pupils on the first day of May. The building which has been procured for the purposes of the school, is situated near the bank of the Delaware, more than sixty feet above the surface of the water, surrounded by a beautiful and convenient area for gymnastic exercises, and commanding an extensive prospect of the river and surrounding country, which, in beauty, richness, and variety of scenery is not surpassed by any in America. The school rooms are large and commodious, and the dormitories, which are spacious and airy, are sufficiently numerous to contain a hundred boarders. The whole establishment is every way adapted to its destined purpose. Mr. Arnold is happy in having in a member of his own family, a lady who has been long accustomed to the domestic care of youth, and who, from her amiable character and mild disposition, is peculiarly qualified for this office, while her natural and tender fondness for children will lead her almost spontaneously to use every means to promote the health, comfort, and convenience of the pupils. The most able and accomplished teachers will be employed to instruct in the various branches of useful and ornamental knowledge; nor will the morals of the pupils fail to receive that watchful attention which is due to their paramount importance,—"for what is good learning without good morals?" The system of government will be mild and parental, but sufficiently energetic to preserve perfect order and regularity. If any pupil shall be found irreclaimable by argument or moderate correction, to avoid the infection of a vicious example, notice will immediately be given to his parents of the necessity for his removal from the school. There will be two vacations in each year, the first of four weeks, commencing on the first Monday in October, the second, of the last two weeks in April. It is not deemed necessary to enter here into a more minute detail of the prospective operations of the school, nor to enumerate specifically the subjects, which will on different occasions and at various periods occupy the attention of teachers or pupils much less is it thought expedient to call the public attention to any peculiar talents which Mr. A. may think himself to possess for developing and cultivating the talent faculties of the youthful mind. After all that can be said, the public confidence or rejection must depend on the teacher's success. Mr. Arnold has leave to refer to the gentlemen whose names are annexed; and who, either from personal knowledge, authentic documents, or credible report from others, are qualified to give information of the result of his former experiments in teaching, both in the United States and British America.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition, payable quarterly in advance, \$150.
Boarding includes board, lodging and washing.
Tuition, the ordinary branches of an English and Classical education.
Instruction in Foreign Languages, and in the branches of ornamental knowledge, at the usual prices.

REFERENCES.

Right Rev. George W. Doane, D. D. Bishop of New Jersey.
Right Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D. D., Bishop of New York.
Right Rev. L. S. Ives, D. D. Bishop of North Carolina.
Rev. W. Barrien, D. D. Rector of Trinity Church, N. Y.
Rev. M. H. Henderson, Rector of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J.
Hon. Joseph Hopkinson, Philadelphia.
General Wall, Burlington.
D. B. Ryall, Esq., Freehold N. J.
John L. McKnight, Esq., W. W. Norcross, Esq., Capt. McCall, Dr. Dubarry, and Capt. Shippen, Bordentown.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends that he has taken Mr. THOMAS DOLAN into partnership in his Mercantile concern. The business will, in future, be conducted in the name of

LEAVY & DOLAN,

who have now on hand, and are receiving from New York and Philadelphia, a large and very general assortment of

MERCHANDISE.

of nearly every variety; which they will sell on reasonable terms.

WM. A. LEAVY.
Lexington, April, 22.—16-4f

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscribers are receiving their SPRING supplies of MERCHANDISE. To Country Merchants the usual inducements will be offered.

J. TILFORD & Co.
No. 49, Main street.

N. B. A LARGE supply of Ingrain and Venetian CARPETINGS, BOLTING CLOTHS, FLOWER-D D PAPER for Rooms and Passages, &c. &c.
J. T. & Co.
Lexington, March 28, 1835—14-6f

SPEECH OF MR. HOLT, IN THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Mr. HOLT, of Kentucky, then rose, and addressed the Convention as follows: Mr. President, The gentleman who has just taken his seat, has announced, as the organ of the Virginia Delegation, that they cannot, nor can their constituents acquiesce in the nomination just made by this Convention, of R. M. Johnson for the Vice Presidency, and he has placed that secession from the popular will here expressed, upon the ground that this distinguished citizen of the West, does not support the republican faith as understood by Virginia. Sir, I have heard this declaration with equal surprise and regret.—I know not what constitutes republicanism, in the estimation of Virginia, and the gentleman has not thought proper to inform us. But I do know something of the history and character of the illustrious patriot and hero, whose devotion to democratic principles has been so unexpectedly and wantonly assailed. Who is he? If Mr. President, you could at this moment transport yourself "to the far West," you would find upon one of her green and sunny fields, surrounded by the implements of husbandry, a personage whose plain and simple garb, whose frank and cordial and unostentatious bearing would tell you that he had sprung from the people—that he was still one of them, and that his heart, in all its hopes and its sympathies, was blended with the fortunes of the toiling million. But, sir, his scarred and shattered frame and limping gait would tell you, too, that the story of his life was not confined to a mere recital of household hospitalities or neighborhood charities. That story is no legend of obscure or doubtful authenticity—it lingers not alone in the kindly bosoms of friends, but every tongue in the republic can give it utterance, and the brightest pages of our country's history, have caught lustre from its glowing record. When this nation was agonizing and bleeding at every pore, when war had desolated with fire and sword your northern frontier, and the best blood in the land had been vainly spilt upon its plains, he left the warm halls of Congress for the bleak winds of the Canadas; and waiting for no summons of the recruiting officer, he rallied about him the chivalry of his State, and dashed with his gallant volunteers to the scene of hostilities, resolved to perish or retrieve the national honor. With daring impetuosity, he pursued and overtook the enemy—threw himself, like a thunderbolt of war into the thickest of the fight—fought hand to hand and eye to eye with the Briton and his savage myrmidons—poured out his blood like water; triumphed and returned loaded with the richest trophies of the campaign. Sir, his deeds rely not for recollection or blazonry upon musty records, nor yet upon caucus or convention addresses—they have been spoken in the thunders of victorious battle—they have been written upon the hacked and broken armor of his country's invaders. His life has been one of unflinching, unswerving devotion to freedom and to the people. The people love him because he first loved them. His popularity rests upon no calculation of political chances. It is not seated in the arithmetic, but in the deep and ardent affections of his country.

It is not intriguing, nor president-makers, nor the starved, strutting, brainless aristocrats of your villages that rally around him. No! It is the enlightened, liberal laboring people whom he has served. It is the mechanics—the bold and hardy yeomanry, who are their country's pride in peace, its bulwark in war—men of the ploughshare and the pruning knife, who, amid the late "panic," which spread dismay and consternation from one end of the Union to the other, stood firm as the seated hills,—still planting their crops and hailing the storm and the calm as equally commissioned to bless them; men, sir, who were dependant for no banking facilities, who drew upon no heartless corporation but upon the God that made them, and they were answered in the sunshine and the shower. Their flock sported in beauty and in gladness through their smiling field—their harvests were ripened, their granaries filled. To these they looked for nurture—for protection to the brooding wings of the Almighty; and under their shadow and amid the household idols that blessed their domestic hearths, in the pride and unallied nobility of their nature, they avowed "eternal hostility to every kind of tyranny that can oppress the mind of man." Under the influence of this high and holy resolve, the bank with all its train of intrigues and profligacies, has gone to the wall, and a peal of popular triumph, has been shouted at the polls, which will ring, I trust, with sickening agony in the ears of purse-proud usurpation, for an age to come.

These are the men, Mr. President, that have demanded and will sustain the nomination of the distinguished personage to whose character and patriotic daring, I have just referred. His fame, like that of our venerable Chief Magistrate, spreads every where—like in the wil-

derness and in the "city full" penetrating into the far valleys, climbing to the hill tops, and reaching in its kindling, animating influences every log cabin beyond the mountains. His brilliant and successful struggles against the foul, adulterous union of church and state, have consecrated his name to immortality. The emancipated debtor, as he leaps from his prison and pallet of straw, shouts forth his praises, and the soldier of the revolution, as he totters into his grave teaches his children to love and venerate his name. "There is a voice from the great valley of the west, from all her cities and her cottages. There is a voice from the east, from the north and the south; there is a voice from the fields of the husbandman, from the workshops of the mechanic, from the primary assemblies of the people, from the conventions of neighborhoods and of States, calling aloud for the elevation of this war-worn soldier, this tried and incorruptible patriot, this advocate of the destitute and the down-trodden, this friend to freedom and to man. Such, sir, is Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky—a republican in works, if not in faith, as strangely understood by the Virginia delegation. I rejoice that this Convention, in making this nomination, have scouted all the subtle diplomacy of the politician, and have freely responded to the warm, glowing affections of the millions they represent. They have nothing to fear for the fate of their nominee. He is fortified behind principles and popular attachments, impregnable as Gibraltar. The people have twined the wreath of glory around his brow—the harp-hand of faction cannot tear it off, nor can the sirocco breath of a myriad of calumnies, wither the eternal freshness of its emerald.

Mr. President, these remarks have been made wholly in defence and not by way of recrimination. No imputation is designed to be thrown upon the distinguished friend of the gentleman from Virginia. Of the talents, the patriotism, of William C. Rives, I entertain the most exalted estimate. I would not, if I could pluck one sprig from the chaplet of renown which adorns his brow. "He has worn his toilers' weeds, and may he wear them long." In bowing to the right of instruction and retiring from the Senate of the United States, again to submit his fortunes to the popular suffrage, he has made a sacrifice to republican principles, which does credit to his party, to his State; which sheds lustre not only upon his own life, but upon the age in which he lives. But, Sir, he is yet in the flower of his manhood, with prospects that brighten every hour,—this Convention have not disparaged or discounted his claims—they have only been postponed.

Mr. President, I would beg the delegates who have voted in the minority upon this occasion, to pause and reflect upon the necessity of a prompt and cordial co-operation with the majority in the nomination made. Let not the seeds of weakness and ultimate overthrow be found in the present strength of the Republican party. True, that party has warred upon systems of slavery and upon the father of systems, and left them prostrate upon the field. It has grappled with the mammoth Bank, and the American aristocrats & British Tories that sustained her—has triumphed, gloriously triumphed over them all. The story of that victory has gone abroad upon the wings of the wind—state has spoken it to state, city to city and man to man in the tones of gladness and congratulation. The nation has awakened from its somnambulism—and the panic with all its dreary spectres of ruin has passed off. And that colossal monied power which in the arrogance of its strength, and in the guilt of its ambition would have flung a fetter upon every free spirit in the republic, smothered by the arm of popular indignation, is now gasping in the agonies of its dissolution. This splendid result, this sublime tribute to the incorruptibility and intelligence of the people, has strengthened the cause of liberal principles throughout the habitable globe. But, I beseech gentlemen in the minority here, to remember that vigilance, action, UNION, firm, and unshaken, can alone guard the republican party from the insidious approaches of their discomfited adversaries.

For though these adversaries have been broken up and scattered every where, disguising themselves under every name, and assuming every badge, yet we know they are still leagued together by a common sense of defeat, by a common scorn of the people who have trampled them down, by a common longing for office and power, from which they have been driven, and by a common detestation of the great principles of the republican party. Impressed with these truths, the democrats of the Union have sent us here, that we might meet as a band of brothers and suffer our feelings to mingle into one, that we might plight anew our faith to each other, and to our country, prepare for concert and union of action, that we may go forth shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart in the coming conflict. Mr. President, shall we do this, or shall we

present to the high-souled freemen we represent the humiliating spectacle of distraction in our own ranks? Whose ear is prepared for that wild and almost demonic note of exultation, which would cross the mountains, and ring from one end of the nation to the other, through all the factions of the opposition? None, I trust. We have met upon the ground of friendly consultation and compromise as to men.

We have met to surrender all personal predilections and prejudices upon the altar of the common good. Let us, then, make the sacrifice cheerfully; from our hearts, gentlemen, let us make it. Let us by this day's action, tell the world, and especially the desperate votaries of ambition who are battling against us, that we strike for higher objects than "the spoils of victory"—that we are banded together by the ties of patriotism and of brotherhood,—that with the destinies of the uncompromising democrats chosen by us, we have bound up the destinies of the republican party, and its great animating principles—that we will rally around them now and hereafter, here and every where, in one impenetrable phalanx, where no jar of discord shall be heard, no chill of disaffection shall be felt, and though the furnace of persecution shall be heated for them seven times hotter than it has been wont to be, yet they shall not pass the fiery ordeal alone—not alone, but the great republican party, one and indivisible, will walk by their side and "shield them and save them or perish there too."

CONJUGAL ENDEARMENTS.

"My dear, I'll thank you for a little more sugar in my coffee, if you please."

"My dear," don't "dear" me. I'd as soon have you call me my devil, as 'my dear'."

"Well, my devil, then—I'll thank you for a little more sugar in my coffee."

At this proof of affection on the part of her husband, Mrs. Snapdragon burst into a rage of tears. She got up, as the saying is, "wrong end foremost" that morning, and nothing could please her. She was no more satisfied with being called my devil than my dear, though she had a minute before declared that she preferred it. On the contrary, she took her husband bitterly to task for his ready compliance with her suggestions.

"Oh, you vile, wicked, good-for-nothing man!" she exclaimed, "is it thus you treat your affectionate wife? Is it thus you apply names to her I dare not mention?" "But, my devil, you did mention it just now. You suggested the idea—you put the very words into my mouth; and I always like to comply with your wishes, you know. So, my dear—my devil, I mean—a little more sugar if you please."

"Sugar! I won't give you a jot more. I'll see you hanged first. You use more sweetening than your odious neck is worth."

"I've acquired that habit from having so sweet a wife. Besides I pay for it out of my own money."

"Now reproach me with my poverty, will you? If I didn't bring you any money, I bro't respectable connexions."

"True, you brought all your connexions."

"Now you reproach me with that, do you? I dare say you grudge my connexions every mouthful they eat while they're here."

"I grudge nothing, my dear—I would say my dear."

"Don't use that word again, Mr. Snapdragon—if you do I'll leave the table."

"Thank you, my love—then I'll help myself to sugar."

"Yes, and you'd help yourself to another wife, I dare say, if I was gone."

"I'm afraid there is but little chance for that. But my coffee is cooling while I'm waiting for the sugar."

"Then it'll be like your love, which has been cooling ever since we married."

"Thank you, my dear, there's nothing like a sharp acid for a cooling draught."

"Sharp acid? Do you call me a sharp acid? I'll not endure your taunts any longer. I'll go home to my connexions. I'll have a separate maintenance."

"Whenever you please my darling."

"I won't take such language from you. [Going with the sugar bowl in her hand.] 'Leave me the sugar, if you please.'"

"Here, take it." [Throwing it at his head and exit.]—N. Y. Transcript.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

A beautiful young woman, with a sublime fortune is not to be sneezed at in the nuptial sheets—unless it be to give the dear creature an opportunity of saying, "God bless you!" An ugly old woman, on the other hand, in the stocks is not to be scorned at in a similar predicament, were it but to induce you to allow her separate maintenance, and all privileges of a Bachelor. The world knows we are engaged, but were we offered our choice of two lovely beings—both beautiful,—but the one sole child of an eminent banker, and the other, the last of a second series of daughters, raised, as the Amer-

icans say,—not forced from the time honored bed of a country gentleman, impatient of widowhood, whose ancestors have killed their own mutton from time immemorial, we should, unless her hair was very red, indeed, take unto our bosom the dowerless damsel, were it only for the pure delight of seeing her at our expense, "taking off her marriage clothes," or in other words, providing herself with a trousseau. In short, we would take her with rapture into our arms, though she has just a shift on her back, and one pair of elastic garters. Like the moon veiled in clouds, her beauty would thus be ours, too, in as much as we would be the sun that illuminated the lovely web. Think, but for a moment, if your bride buying, out of her own dower, you being farthingless, and receiving discount for ready money, not only for the fourpost bed, but all the rest of the furniture—may, the very house to which you bring her home, and of which, with a face of the most brazen assurance, you tell her to consider herself the mistress—she having, considerably, bought up the ground rent, and introduced gas! The degradation of never being permitted, while you breathe, to put on, or take off, your breeches, without the consciousness that she paid for them, and consequently is entitled to wear them, *ad libitum*, whether velvet or fustian—so inexorable are the association of ideas. Far rather, so help us heaven, would we wear kilts till we dropped into the grave.

From the Georgia Standard of the Union.

JUDGE WHITE.

If there is a single individual who support the administration of General Jackson—if there is one who stands opposed to the ultra federalism of Clay and Webster, and the disorganizing principles of John C. Calhoun; and who hesitates between Judge White and the man who shall be nominated by the Democrats, it is time he should open his eyes to the true state of the question, and inquire at once into the political movements for the last twelve months.—When he has done so, he will find, that Judge White, so far from being what he has all along professed, the devoted friend of General Jackson, is an instrument in the hands of the opposition, and if elected, will be compelled to form and conduct his administration upon the principles of the Punch Party.

That Judge White is supported by some in Tennessee, who are friendly to General Jackson, will not be denied; but that is accounted for upon the score of state pride and personal attachment. But let us look to the other states, for the purpose of ascertaining from whence he derives his strongest support. In Georgia, the nullifiers are mainly out for him, while so far as we know, not a press friendly to the administration, sustains him; and we venture to predict, that the body of the Nullifiers will support him every where. In Virginia, the Richmond Whig has taken him up with great zeal; and what are its politics? Vindictively hostile to General Jackson's administration, and a sworn advocate of the Bank; a print which declared, that during the panic season of last year, that unless the deposits were restored, the Union would be shattered into its original elements.

Look around you in all directions, and you will find the supporters of Judge White to be the very men who have been struggling to pull down the present administration, and to build up the United States Bank upon its ruins, and thereby to make the Government the mere engine of a great monied power. These are matters of deep consideration—to paramount importance to the people—to that great body of citizens who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and who pay the taxes and fight the battles of their country.

We are addressing the men who elected Andrew Jackson—who have sustained his administration in triumph against the united assaults of faction and federalism, and who desire to perpetuate the principles upon which he is conducting his country to prosperity and renown. Be not deceived! When you are told that Judge White is the friend of General Jackson; you have only to look around you for his supporters, and you will find them to be the bitterest enemies of Gen. Jackson, and you cannot mistake their object—it is to divide and conquer.

We regret the course of Judge White. He is a man in whom we have reposed high confidence, but his weakness, (for we yet trust he is honest) has led him astray. The first office in the gift of a great nation, is a dazzling prize, and he has not firmness enough to turn his back upon its allurements. But can be be elected, or do those who are using him, intend, under any circumstances, to make him President? We answer no. Mr. Webster is a candidate and their favorite. If Judge White can succeed in a few States, so as to defeat the election by the people, will Mr. Webster be given up when it comes.

The Missouri Republican is talking about a rail road from Ohio to St. Louis.

GAZETTE.

NATIONAL NOMINATION!!
FOR NEXT PRESIDENT,
Martin Van Buren,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
Richard M. Johnson,
OF KENTUCKY.

ANDREW JACKSON.
"Who fills so vast a space in the public eye, and whose personal and official character, gives him a sway unequalled in this country, and perhaps in any other. He was visibly marked by the hand of Nature for a brilliant career; and qualified by lofty and stern attributes, both moral and intellectual, for the high destiny which he has been summoned to fill in the world."—*Col. Johnson at the Thames Dinner.*

From the Globe.
THE APOLOGY.
We find that prints, the most decidedly hostile to the Administration, and expressing public opinion in quarters most interested in the claims on France, and doubtless from the prevalent political feeling entertained, quite willing to consider any acquisition cheap at the expense of the President's personal honor, nevertheless, have too high a sense of national character to brook, for a moment, the idea of an apology being due from ours to the French Government, for insisting on a demand again and again acknowledged to be just. The Boston Commercial Gazette has the following remark on the subject:

In the passage of the American Indemnity Bill by the French Chamber of Deputies, there is a proviso that the money is not to be paid until the French Government shall have received satisfactory explanations with regard to the President's Message of December 2, 1834. Now, we hardly know what explanations the French Government want. The President's message speaks for itself. Its language can hardly be misunderstood. You must pay us our claim, or we will make reprisals upon your property. Does the French Government expect the President to take back what he said in his message—tell them he did not mean any harm—is sorry for what he said? We know of no particular explanation which can be given more than is already expressed. If France expects our Government to cringe and apologise, and beg as a favor what we demand as a right, she expects what she will by no means get.

This is almost the universal sentiment of the opposition press—even of those which, for party purposes, during the last session, raised their clamor to counterbalance the assertions of Clayton and others, who contended in Congress that there was coercion, in the firm, dignified, and temperate Message of the President, menace and insult to France. But the Intelligence, although compelled to abandon this ground, which it also assumed against the message, and to acknowledge that it "would not require the President of the United States to retract any thing he said in his message to Congress, or to apologise for it," seems to think that "something is necessary to satisfy the requisition of the French Chamber." It suggests that this may "be accomplished by a mere reference to the passage of the President's message which has been quoted, and to the satisfactory explanations on that subject, made by our Minister in France to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in January last." Can any thing be more ludicrous than this, or better adapted to expose the shallow devices and deceptions of the opposition? But a little while ago the Intelligence was anxiously inculcating the opinion that the President's Message was not only a menace and affront to France, but almost a declaration of war—and now it conceives that "a mere reference to the passage of the President's Message," which conveyed this insult, is all sufficient "to satisfy the requisition of the Chambers." This may be considered in some sort an application of the old saying of "the hair of the dog for the cure of the bite," and it may be well for those who have falsely insisted that there was real cause of offence contained in the Message, to resort to such quackery. It is impossible, however, for those who, from the beginning, protested that no insult was given or intended, now to admit existence of an offence for the purpose of making apology or explanation.—The whole duty of explanation devolves upon those among us, who, by false construction, in defiance of the express declaration of the Message, imputed to it the design of operating upon the fears of France, rather than its sense of just obligation.

But it seems to us, after the declaration made by the French Ministry on introducing the law for the indemnity they also are estopped from making any demand for any explanation of the Message, even if the matter of it were justly chargeable as being offensive. They assumed that fact as the basis of their action and recalled their minister, but still propose the law for the execution of the treaty, because it was due to the American Government and people, notwithstanding the President's Message, which they considered the paper of an individual, unsanctioned by that branch of the Government necessary to make it an act of the nation. Having proposed the appropriation to pay the debt to the nation, (the President's Message being thrown out of the question by this reasoning,) upon what principle can the French Ministry demand explanation of a matter held by them to be merely personal, before they can comply with the obligation acknowledged by the one nation to the other. In our opinion, there is no pretext under which the debt, interest, and damages for the failure to comply with the treaty, can be for a moment withheld.

But the Intelligence speaks of "the allegation of a just claim upon France for damages on the protested bill, which damages were incurred under our own law, by an act of our own Government, over which the French Government could exercise no control," as an "absurd pretension." We have always supposed that the party failing to comply with the stipulations of a contract as a treaty, was bound to indemnify for the loss sustained by the failure. And this, not because it is exacted by "our own law," but because it is exacted by all law and universal justice. We do not pretend to say, nor have we ever intimated, that France is bound to pay the sum purloined by the managers of the Bank, under pretence of penal damages, on the protested bill, according to the local laws. The Bank was entitled to no such damages, because, among other reasons, it never advanced a dollar of the sum, upon the assumed advance of which, the damages were claimed. But some trouble, expense, and inconvenience, resulted from the failure of France to meet the bill, and for this both the Attorney General, Mr. Taney, and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Woodbury, have said there is a rightful claim for damages. For this we have no doubt the French Government will tender a remuneration; but it is matter of such small consideration, that in all probability it never would be thought of by ours.

From the Ohio Monitor.
We hardly know whether we are best pleased to ascertain that Mr. Van Buren is now the undisputed democratic candidate, or to ascertain that the designation of a democratic candidate has been made by a democratic national convention! For, however desirous we are of the principle of a spontaneous convention of delegates from the whole party, designating a candidate for the office of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, yet we confess it would much have diminished our zest of rejoicing had they nominated any other person than the excellent Vice President; the chosen of the whole people, the rejected of the Bank Senate! Nor do we place men so far in competition with principle but that we should have felt regret at finding Mr. Van Buren a candidate if the delegates of the people in their primary assemblies had not proclaimed him the candidate of the people's convention.

A decided majority, too, of that convention have made Col. Richard M. Johnson the democratic candidate for Vice President. We never doubted but that this would be the most popular nomination that could be made for the West. (For we hardly believe that our giant Benton is as popular.) It is now clear that Col. Johnson is not only more popular in the West, but in the rest of the Union. Consequently on our principle of the policy of supporting convention nominations we respond to his nomination, and echo back to the people who have made it "The hero of the Thames!!!"

Two important principles have received confirmation in this decision of the convention; 1st, that none but a democrat, in the most restricted sense of the term, is morally eligible to the first offices of the people; 2d, that this eligibility must be tested by a national convention. This is indeed a momentous confirmation; and while these principles remain our democratic government will be perpetual.

The election of Martin Van Buren to the exalted office of President of the United States; and of Richard M. Johnson to the office of Vice President, depends on nearly the same general laws as does the election of Andrew Jackson's term of office in 1836; and scarcely more doubt crosses our mind that the two former will be elected than that the illustrious Jackson will retire from this office crowned with the hearty benediction of grateful millions of his friends, and with the constrained admiration of his remorseless enemies.

From the Raleigh (N. C.) Standard.
"PRINCIPLES NOT MEN,"
Is the maxim professed by those who are now rallying under the White banner, in opposition to the proposed Republican Convention at Baltimore. It matters not what may have been his political principles, who his political associates, what his past course, or who the object of his support—all that is now necessary to transform a politician into a modern "whig," is for him to assume the new livery, enlist under the newly raised standard, "principles, and not men," and he is at once received into the holy league, and enrolled among the true disciples of the new political faith.

Have you heretofore belonged to that party who have treated the Constitution as a dead letter, who have ridiculed the advocates of the strict construction, and supported those who have acted upon the broad principle of the "general welfare" doctrine,—who have sought to multiply the public expenditures, and increase the necessity of continuing the National Debt;—yet still you have nothing more to do, than shout "principles not men!"

Have you been for the re-charter of the United States Bank, threatening the peace and harmony of society, and endangering the prosperity of the whole country, to insure a continuance of its existence; have you joined in the cry of distress and ruin, and aided in creating the panic,—never mind all that; you are now entitled to mingle your voice with that of your brother "whigs," in singing "principles, not men!"

In fine, it is immaterial what you may have been, when you may have supported, or who you are now desirous of elevating to the highest office in the gift of the people—whether a Clay, a Calhoun, or a Webster; to constitute yourself a now-a-days "whig" of the first water, you have nothing to do but to join in the outcry against the People's Convention at Baltimore, denounce Martin Van Buren, and slander Andrew Jackson: And tho' you may be without any particular principles yourself, still you are to be white washed and regenerated,—oblivion to the past, success to the future, down with Jacksonism, huzza for whigism,—“principles, not men!”

Such, then, is the new condition of federalists, nationalists, quids, and nullifiers, sailing under a party-colored piratical banner, with "whig" inscribed on it; whose aim is to decoy the people by false colors, and then plunder them of their political rights.

But the people know them as their old political enemies; they know there is no sincerity in their professions, nor truth in their promises.

Illinois.—A company has been formed in the city of New York for emigrating to Illinois the coming summer. The company consists of nearly twenty-two hundred families, a great portion of whom are mechanics and farmers; it is their intention to settle a township by themselves.

The Legislature of Connecticut have passed a resolution, instructing their Senators in Congress to vote for expunging the resolution condemnatory of the President's conduct in relation to the removal of the deposits. So goes on the good work. The Virginia Senators will soon hear of a like expression from the citizens of that state. In that event, Mr. Leigh must either abide implicitly by the will of the people, or resign—there is no other alternative known in Virginia.

From the Augusta (Maine) Age.
NEW MOVEMENT OF THE WHIGS.
It requires little attention to the political signs of the times, to detect the systematic effort now making by the so-called Whigs to divert the people from the true issue at stake in the coming Presidential election, by a base appeal to sectional jealousies and prejudices. The wickedness of such an appeal, tending as it does to the destruction of our sacred union, does not deter this frantic and desperate party from making it, as a last effort for power. They hope that by running a popular candidate in each section of the Union they shall be able to defeat an election by the people, and they trust that their well tried skill in bargain and corruption will give them a triumph in the House of Representatives. We shall hereafter comment upon the details of this wicked scheme: at present we shall invite the attention of our readers to its "workings" at the South.

The Southern "Whigs" dare not rest their opposition to Martin Van Buren upon principles: the political integrity of that pure and patriotic Statesman is too well known to the American people. They seek to destroy him by sectional prejudices which they carefully excite by the most groundless calumnies. The "White movement" is the last exhibition of this spirit, and as this has received its quietus by the late Virginia elections, the political Catalanes are doubtless hatching some new humbug which we doubt not will be equally short-lived.

To exhibit the shameless effrontery with which this plot is avowed at the South, we subjoin a few extracts from the leading "Whig" prints.

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, Calhoun's organ, says:—
"We cannot stand neuter, in the present contest between the White and Van Buren parties. The prosperity of the South is deeply involved in it. It is not only a struggle between a good man and an unscrupulous intriguer for the office; it is not only a struggle between the People and 'the Government' which shall choose the next Chief Magistrate; it is much more; it is a struggle between the South and the North—between section and section—between justice and robbery—between Free Trade and the American System."

"The policy of the new Administration will take its complexion from the parties of the section which brings it into office." "A single glance of the map will tell what cannot be otherwise, and show us what must inevitably be the policy of a Van Buren Administration. Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island, are the regions of Van Burenism. The broad South from the Potomac to Texas, is the section that must vote for White, if he be elected."

"But Judge White, if elected, will be elected by Southern votes, as a Southern man—identified with Southern interests will be accompanied into power by a

Southern party, and be surrounded by Southern advisers."

Calhoun's Columbia Organ says.—
"Our Government does not answer the ends for which it was instituted. It is possessed of too much power. Instead of being a shield of protection, it is an engine of oppression, and the Southern States are, and ever will be, tributaries to the North."

It is unnecessary to multiply these extracts, and their designs are sufficiently manifest—to form a Southern confederacy and thereby divide and defeat the Republican party at the South. To this end they spare no means. They stigmatize Van Buren as an abolitionist, as a high tariff man, &c. in reckless disregard of his uniform declarations and consistent course. That they will be defeated, there can be little doubt: the people of the South are too intelligent (as the late elections show), to be deceived by so bungling a trick. The history of Van Buren is before them, and he who runs may read. His dignified statesmanship, his ardent patriotism and unbending integrity, are written in a long course of arduous public services and cannot be forgotten.

From the Utica (N. Y.) Observer.
We cut the following from the last "Oneida Whig." It is a graphic sketch of its own friends of the whole party of panic makers. The likeness cannot be mistaken. The wonder, however, is, that it should have found a place in that paper; but it is a good thing, and we therefore transcribe it to our columns. We would caution our friends not to be too sanguine in their expectations of uninterrupted prosperity—last year it was the policy of the Bank to create panic and alarm—now the effort seems to be to apply opiates—to lull the people into security by the siren song of prosperity. It is true that business is brisk, prices high, and that improvements are rapidly progressing; and what is strange, the Bank and panic men of 1834, who prophesied the ruin of the Union and the bankruptcy of its citizens, if the deposits were not returned to the bank of the United States and that institution re-chartered, are foremost in heralding it! We would not excite false alarm—but we would advise to circumspection and prudence. The Bank of the United States has not lost its powers to do mischief; it has swollen its discounts enormously within the last year—nearly fifteen millions, and at points, too, where it can make itself most severely felt in producing a new pressure, and therefore we say there is ground for apprehension and caution. The language of the opposition press, does not increase our confidence in our security—they may entertain no sinister design—all may be fair and frank; but we should remember that danger exists—and that best, seasons of great prosperity are invariably followed by more or less depression.

"U. S. BANK.—There are two sorts of 'panic makers'; one kind is composed of men who are forever anticipating evil—they are the habitual and constant grumblers in society—men who are never in their elements unless they can see a black cloud hanging over their neighbor's head. These men are born grumblers, live grumblers, and die grumblers. These persons at this time are opening their lamentations on the winding up of the United States Bank; they announce universal ruin—every thing is to be stopped, Commerce will wither, and the grass grow in our streets—the 'loom will stand still'—the water wheel will be heard no more—and in fact the whole world will receive a shock. Such are the cheering predictions of this class. Let it be recollected by those who indulge apprehensions, that the money vested in the United States Bank will not probably be withdrawn from the country but be re-invested in some other stock. The capitalists of Europe cannot obtain at home as good returns as we can afford to give them. While, therefore, we do not doubt that the collections of the United States Bank will produce a greater demand for money, and have a direct and immediate tendency to check the over-doing fever which prevails at this time, we borrow no fears as to the country, from this cause alone. Let our products bring good prices and our manufacturers find profitable markets, and we will ride out (without damage) a harder gale than this.

A Bull fight with steam.—A few days since, at the locomotive engine was passing along the Railroad, the engineer espied a bull bull diving across the field, apparently to give battle to the machine. He was coming at the top of his speed, his tail stuck right into the air, and his head down, as if for immediate attack. As the bull errant rushed onward, the director checked the car, and received the blow upon the front wheel. The animal recoiled several steps—the puffing of the steam increased to a challenge him to a second onset, and he came, belching and tearing up the earth, while his eyes seemed to dart forth baleful fire. The engineer thought his safety consisted in moving—he therefore put on the whole head of accumulated steam, and the car started like the wind. The enraged beast struck short of his aim, he missed his footing, and rolled down a high embankment, to the infinite gratification of those who had watched his behaviour, and to the glory of the engineer.—*Phil. U. S. Gazette.*

SILK.
We adverted, a day or two ago, to the rapidly increasing production of silk in this country. The last Rhode Island Journal informs us of a company which has entered on the rearing of worms and manufacture of silk on a large scale. It is the Valentine Silk Company of Providence. They have made a considerable quantity of rich stuffs in silk already: and they have a six horse engine power, 30,000 trees, from 4 to 5 years old and from 6 to 8 feet high; each tree, on an average, yielding half a pound of silk—worth, when on the spool, \$5 per pound—making the income of the whole plantation \$75,000 per annum.

Nat. Int.

POST OFFICE ROBBERY.
On Friday last week, William Gwyn Jones, Editor of the Baltimore Gazette, was detected robbing the Baltimore Post Office, and immediately arrested. Mr. Jones has been accustomed to enter the office by permission, at an early hour, for the purpose of procuring his exchange papers, and has seized upon every opportunity thus afforded him, in the absence of the clerks, to take packages which he had reason to suppose contained money. The Clerks have repeatedly missed packages of this character, without finding any reason until recently to suspect any individual. It was determined to watch Mr. Jones on Friday the 22d, in consequence of some facts which came to the knowledge of the office.—He entered the office as usual, and was detected in taking several packages, and immediately taken into custody. Mr. Jones has made a full confession, from which it appears that he has taken in all, over a thousand letters, containing over \$2,000. He is a young man hitherto respectable, and of respectable connections. He has been at the head of the Bible Society in Baltimore, and a member of the Common Council of that city. The offence is in prison and will soon take its trial for the crime charged. He has filled the editorial chair of the Gazette but about six months, and will probably soon occupy a station better suited to his genius though less suited to his taste.

ANECDOTE.—An individual named Mann met an insane person, and said "I am a double man, a Mann by name, and a man by nature." The insane person wisely replied, "I am your equal; I am a man beside myself, and we two will fight you two."

From the New York Mirror.

LETTER FROM MR. FORREST.
I am about bidding adieu to Paris, having been detained here by its various fascinations much longer than I anticipated. I shall set out on Tuesday next, with three young Americans, to travel by post through Italy, so as to be in Rome before the termination of the carnival. From Rome I shall go to Naples, to look on old Vesuvius and the ruined monuments of its wrath, and visit the other interesting relics of antiquity in that neighborhood, when I shall return to Rome in time to pass the Holy Week. I can at least claim the merit of not having been idle during my sojourn at Paris, and the time has passed both agreeably and profitably. Though the *dulce* has been the chief object of my search, the *utile* has been found with it, and has not been altogether neglected, neither, as a separate aim. New sources of various information have opened themselves to my mind at every turn in this great and gay and ever-changing metropolis; and whether I hereafter resume the buskin, or play a more real in the drama of life, I think I shall find my gleanings here of service to me. I have mingled with all ranks of people, from the monarch who wears, "the golden round and top of sovereignty," down to the lowest of his subjects,—"In smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching them."

Upon unvisited like the perfumed chambers of the great, and the poor abodes of the lowly, the institutions of science, literature and the arts, the resorts of fashion, of folly and of vice, and in all I have found something which not merely served to fill up the passing hour, but that furnished other substantial additions of knowledge, or agreeable subjects of future meditation and discourse. Human nature, as modified by the different circumstances of life and fortune, presents an ample and diversified volume to her student in Paris: and in this bustling and glittering panorama, where everything seems most artificial, one who looks beneath the surface, may learn much of the secret feelings, motives, passions and genius of man.

The President's Message still continues to be the theme of much conversation. In the saloons of the theatres, in the cafes and restaurants, and on the public promenades, I frequently hear the name of General Jackson uttered by tongues that never before were troubled to syllable it, and which do not pronounce it "trippingly," according to Hamlet's advice, but twist it into various grotesque sounds. Passing through St. Pelagie, (a prison for debtors) I overheard one of the inmates of that abode discussing with great vehemence the question of indemnity. He held a newspaper in his hand, and as I passed, exclaimed, *La France, ne devrai pas payer les vingt cinq millions?* A fellow-feeling thought: I, makes us wondrous kind. The anecdote of the porter, the soldier, and the debtor, in the Citizen of the World, occurred to my mind.

By the way, the prison of St. Pelagie is a curious establishment: It derives its name from an actress of the city of Antioch, who became a penitent in the fifth century. No other prison in Paris presents so diversified a picture, such a motley group of inmates, so singular an association of rank, country, profession and age. Barons, marquises, and princes are among the cooped up denizens of St. Pelagie. An Austrian prince, one of these, is shut up here to answer the claims of creditors to the amount of several millions. A cafe and restaurant are maintained within the prison; and one, entering these, were he not reminded of his whereabouts by the gruffings of the window, might easily imagine himself in the Cafe de Foy of the Palais Royale.

I regret that I was not in America to welcome James Sheridan Knowles to our shores. I should have been glad to take the author of *Virginius* and the *Hunchback* by the hand—aye, and by the heart too; for, from all I hear, any man might be proud of his friendship. But New York had his reception in her own hands and it, no doubt, was such a one as "gave him wonder great as his content." I remember, very vividly, what sort of a reception she gave to a youth "unknown to fame," in whom you are kind enough to take an interest—a youth whose highest ambition was only to strut his hour in those parts which the genius of Knowles has created. Can I, then, doubt that, to the dramatist himself, her greeting was most cordially.

Adieu! I shall probably meet with Bryant in Rome; and, in conversing with him of past scenes and distant friends, shall almost feel myself, for a time, restored to their society. E. F.

MURDER IN WASHINGTON.—A man by the name of Henry Howard was murdered on Capitol Hill, on Tuesday last, by a laborer on the railroad, named Owen McMahon.—The murderer was arrested and is now in jail in Washington.

Matthews being asked what he was going to do with his son, (the young man's profession was to be that of an architect).—"Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to draw houses, like his father."

FATAL CATASTROPHE.—A dwelling house belonging to Abraham Van Volkenburgh, in Butler, Wayne county, N. Y., was consumed by fire, on the night of the 19th ult. and four young men perished in the flames. We understand that only that he was so burned as to expire in a few minutes afterwards. We have not learned any of the names.—*Lyon, Western Argus.*

Three young children two of whom were of the same family, died yesterday week in the neighborhood of St. Benoit, after suffering severe pains, which, it is supposed, were caused by their having eaten the root of the henlock, by mistake, for a narcotic, from which they had plucked in a garden. *Mt. also relates the death this week of three other children at St. Roch from a similar cause.*—*Mon. Ural Gazette.*

The population of Rome is said to be 147,000. There are in the city 64 churches, 34,800 families, 30 bishops, 1450 priests, 2000 monks and nuns, 1500 nuns. Paris and London are much larger, but the proportion of ecclesiastics is much less.

The increase of population in the United States is one thousand souls every day.

For the Kentucky Gazette.

IMPROMPTU.
I saw her in the glittering crowd,
Where eyes were beaming bright—
Where dance and mirth were heard aloud,
Which swelled upon the night.

The rose was on her youthful cheek,
A smile was in her eye,
And when she op'd her lips to speak,
There was a wistful heaviness.

The dance went on—I stood apart,
And gazed upon her form,
I know she had a guileless heart,
Which throbb'd with goodness warm.

I saw a youth of comely mien
Moving amid the train,
And when he deem'd himself unseen,
He look'd, then, turn'd again.

There was a wildness in his air
Which told, that he had loved,
A cloud portending dark despair,
As 'mid this throng he moved.

Sometimes he'd stand with folded arms
In strange and listless gaze!
Forgetting even the world's charms
Of her he loved to praise.

For even here, which buoys mankind
And glids life's darkness o'er,
Had now forsook his troubled mind
And left naught to assuage.

WESTERN BARD.

From the New York Mirror.

THE WESTERN HUNTER.

AY this is from him—the pure smoke
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind, that through them dies,
Is breathed from wastes by plough broke.

Here, with my rifle and my steel,
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me, where the red deer feed
In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannahs know
No barriers in the blooming grass;
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow;
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.

In pastures measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
From the long line of waving sedge;
The bear that marks my weapon's gleam,
Hides vainly in the forest's edge;

In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;
The brinded catamount, that lies
High in the boughs to watch his prey;
Even in the act of springing, dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way,
Gray, old, and unnumbered with a train
Of vines, as huge and old and gray!

Free stray the lucid streamers, and find
No taint in these fresh lawns and shades;
Free springs the flowers that scent the wind
Where never scy the has swept the glades.

Along the river, when frostwinds were
The heavy herb and the ground,
Gathers his annual harvest here,
With roaring like the battle's sound,

And trains of smoke that heavenward tower,
And streaming flames that sweep the plain,
Fierce, as if kindled to devour
Earth to the well-springs of the main.

Here, from dim woods, the eagles past
Speaks solemnly, and I behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lonely river, seaward rolled.

Who feels its founts with rain and dew?
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
And trains the bordering vines whose blue
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams—my steady oars,
Plunges, and bears me through the tide,
Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.

I hunt, till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height,
And kind the voice and glad the eyes,
That welcome my return at night.

REFORMED PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

DRS. J. B. DAY AND J. F. HARRIS.
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have formed a co-partnership, for the purpose of practicing medicine in Lexington, and the adjacent country. Their shop is on Main-Street, directly opposite Breuners (formerly Postelwhite's) Hotel, where they may be found at all times except when absent on professional business.

We beg leave to inform our friends and the public, that our principle and practice are essentially different from the ordinary mineral course, and also from the Thompsonian or Steaming plan. We practice according to the principles of the Reformed Medical Society of the United States, as taught at its Colleges in New York and Washington, Ohio, discarding all the preparations of mercury, antimony and other poisonous minerals so much used by physicians of the present day, and which are so deleterious to the human system; using in their stead vegetable remedies, far more powerful in removing disease, and which leave the constitution uninjured. The experience of others, as well as our own in an extensive practice of several years, has fully proved that mineral medicines internally, are entirely unnecessary in the treatment of any disease, and we believe there are but few of those who have taken them, who will hesitate to say that they are injurious, uncertain and dangerous in their operation.

As to the Thompsonian system, we admit that it contains some good remedies, but it is entirely too limited, too heating or stimulating, and steam is too frequently and indiscriminately used. We use no preparations of medicines which are numbered, and for which there is a patent right. Further, we believe that no man can make a good physician, without a knowledge of the anatomy of the human system, and every other branch of medical science. We presume it is generally known that Thompsonians deny the necessity of such knowledge.

Having made a candid statement of our principles, and the course we intend to pursue, we ask those afflicted with disease, to pause, and choose between remedial agents drawn from Nature's garden, powerful in removing disease, but safe in their operation;—and poisonous minerals, which so often destroy the lives or future health of those who take them.

J. B. DAY.

J. F. HARRIS.

P. S. For a further knowledge of our principles, &c. we refer our friends to a medical work published by Dr. W. Beach, consisting of three large volumes, the title of which is "Beach's American Practice." It can be seen either at our shop, or at Skillman's book store, with a list of its numerous recommendations by physicians of the highest standing both in Europe and America. J. B. D.

J. F. H.

Lexington, June 5, 1835.—22-3a

BENEZER BISHOP—MILLWRIGHT.

RESPECTFULLY returns his sincere thanks to the citizens of Fayette county, for the liberal patronage they have bestowed upon him, in his line, and will here say, that the multiplicity of work now on hand, is enabled to give employment to two additional Journey-men Millwrights immediately.

Fayette county, June 10, 1835.—23-3t.

LEXINGTON.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1835.

CANDIDATES FOR CONGRESS.

RICHARD H. HAWES, of Clarke.
CHILTON ALLAN, do

STATE SENATE.

ROGER QUARLES,
AARON K. WOOLLEY.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
THOMAS A. RUSSELL,
ROBT. WICKLIFFE, jr.
JACOB HUGHES,
ROBERT INNES.
JOHN CURD.

We publish to-day, Mr. Holt Speech. The Observer pronounces Mr. Holt "to be a fifteenth rate county Court Attorney!"

The Observer says:

It appears to be still believed, that there will be a rupture in the Cabinet by the resignation of Cass and Forsythe. The elevation of Amos Kendall to a level with them, is what they cannot stand."

Now for the proof.—In the National Gazette, (Clay paper) of June 4th, is a letter from Washington City, which says: "There is no truth in the rumored resignation of Forsythe. So far from taking offence at the promotion of Mr. Kendall, he was consulted in reference to that appointment and expressed his approbation of it, before it was made."

Another failure the public will say, to prejudice Mr. Kendall!

The Observer which deals largely in 'Magicians,' 'Panics,' 'Mysteries,' &c., asks why is it that the Richmond Enquirer preserves a mysterious silence upon the result of the Baltimore Convention?

The Richmond Enquirer of June 2, says:—"For ourselves we shall go for Martin Van Buren, as President of the United States—but not for Richard M. Johnson, as Vice President."—Very, very "mysterious!"

The Clay papers positively deny that Mr. Clay prefers Mr. Van Buren to Judge White.—Will the Observers deny that Mr. Clay expressed these preference to John Tilford, President of the U. States Branch Bank in this city.

The Intelligencer is mistaken, as to the object of the Jackson papers, in proving that Mr. Clay prefers Van Buren to White.—When the Observer some weeks since, avowed that it would support White in preference to Van Buren; the Nashville papers, seized upon it, as indicating too, the preference of Mr. Clay. The Intelligencer itself, took occasion to deny that any such inference should be drawn, and the rumor was very current, that Mr. Clay actually preferred Van Buren to White. It was thus, that Mr. Clay's preference became a matter of interest; and not as the Intelligencer would make believe, a matter of importance.

We now put the same question to the Intelligencer, that we put to the Observer—will it deny, that Mr. Clay expressed his preference for Van Buren over White, to John Tilford, President of the United States Branch Bank in this city.

The last accounts from Maysville, mention nine cases of cholera and four deaths.

Richard French, Thomas A. Marshall and Amos Davis, are candidates for Congress, in the Flemingsburg district.

The Maysville Eagle of Thursday, states that Mr. Davis died suddenly at Owingsville, on the night of the 5th inst. Mr. Davis was ailing on Thursday morning the 11th—but supposed to be dying.

Mr. Livingston will return home immediately, in the Frigate Constitution.

We don't know exactly what sort of apology General Jackson will make to Louis Philippe. He is not according to all authentic accounts, a very apologetic kind of man. A caricature at the east represents General Jackson and Louis Philippe.—The former holding a bag labelled 25,000,000, in his left hand, and a club in his right—apologising thus: "It is well that you paid the money, or by the E—, I would have given you a sound drubbing!" To which Louis Philippe bowing, replies: "Very well Monsieur President, your apology is perfectly satisfactory!"

Speaking of caricatures, by the by, we would like to know what has become of a caricature, imported into this city in 1827, by the President of the Branch Bank of the United States; which represented Mr. Clay as sewing up the mouth of Gen. Jackson!

The Hon. John Pope, is announced as a candidate for Congress, in opposition to Benj. Hardin, Esq.

Judge Turner has been elected President of the Lexington and Ohio Railroad Company—beating the Chickasaw Ambassador, who received four votes! In January, he was beaten for Mayor, and now we understand, is to be a candidate for the Legislature! Something like the office hunter who wrote to Washington for a Foreign Mission; but finally, agreed to accept a pair of breeches!

Charlton Hunt and Wm. Brand, have been appointed directors of the Branch Bank of Kentucky, in this city; in place of Joseph Bruen and Counr Ben Cox, resigned.

CLARKEANA.

The appointment of Mr. Pew, as delegate to Baltimore and Visitor to West Point, seems to sit heavy on the stomach of Mr. "C." if we might judge from several small articles which he has "spewed" on the occasion.

He wishes to know if Mr. Pew will charge double mileage to West Point—in reference to the supposed situation of Mr. Pew, in the Baltimore Convention. Not being able to answer, we should like to know of him, whether or not, he charged most "mileage" last fall for his trip to Harrodsburg—for "going," or "coming." We understand that after he saw Major Moore, he came "in no time," and at a rate which if mentioned would appear incredible.

The following article from the Lexington Intelligencer, will probably amuse those of our readers, who have witnessed the pertinacity with which that paper has denounced the Baltimore Convention. It was held by the Intelligencer to be monstrously Anti-Republican, for the Jacksonism, to go to Baltimore, name and recommend a candidate—but it is marvellously proper, in its estimation, for the Clay party, to deliver over to fifteen men, the whole vote of Kentucky—requiring no pledge, as to the particular man they would support—but leaving them to "bargain and manage" to the best advantage.

The difference between the Baltimore Convention and the plan recommended by the Intelligencer, is this:—The delegates from Kentucky, had only the privilege of recommending candidates subject to the approval or disapproval of their constituents, whilst the Intelligencer, would place unreservedly and without pledge, into the hands of fifteen men, the electoral vote of Kentucky.

From the Lexington Intelligencer. The Van Buren Convention have resolved to do their utmost to secure the election tickets favorable to Van Buren, in all the States from which there were delegates to their convention.—Now, there can be no question that a vast majority of the people of Kentucky prefer, upon principle, any Whig candidate, rather than Van Buren—the chosen one of the office-holders. Under these circumstances, is it possible that Kentucky is to be dragged into the support of Van Buren? Would it be creditable to the patriotism, the efficiency, the concert, the zeal of the Whigs of Kentucky, for them to omit to elect a Whig electoral ticket? They will not omit it. They will, as they should do, make choice of a ticket, which will vote upon principle in favor of a Whig. If the Whigs will have confidence in each other, and each act for himself and his country at the polls, it will not even be necessary that the particular Whig Presidential candidate to be voted for, should be previously designated. It will be sufficient that he be a statesman and an undoubted Whig. Let the Whigs of Kentucky, then, make choice of fifteen, discreet, experienced, discriminating, patriotic, unquestionable Whigs, whose business it will be to make the voice of the State heard, as it is, on this momentous subject. If Mr. Clay should be a candidate, it will then be given for him;—if some other whig should have a better prospect of uniting the whigs of the country against extra-official dictation, let the Kentucky electoral college give to such a whig the vote of Kentucky; if there should be no whig candidate, then let the vote be cast according to the sober, unbiased, discriminating judgment of the whig electoral college, in such a manner as in a sound discretion, and with all the lights accessible to them, they may deem the voice of Kentucky to be. By adopting such a course, we shall prove that the majority in Kentucky is patriotic, that they act for their country, guided by the principles they have always contended for, and which have signally triumphed in our borders.

From the Observer & Reporter.

The Globe, as if ashamed of the circumstance of one man representing two States in the Baltimore Convention, gave the name of the Kentucky Delegate as Thomas J. Pow, and Illinois Delegate as Thomas S. Pow. Perhaps the Editor of the Globe became a little sick about the time he reached the State of Illinois in making out his list, and felt ready to "Spec!"

Alas! and does such stuff constitute the "dignity" of the Observer! Is this the paper that a week or two since could not "pollute" its columns with a notice of the serious charges made against its particular friends Wickliffe, Woolley and Combs! In fine, "is it Giles, or is it not?"

Another sample of "dignity from the same paper:

"The same era of good feeling begat the New England party—and the New England party begat the National Republicans—and the National Republicans begat the small beer or Whig party of '35."—N. Y. Jeffersonian.

"Will the Editor of the 'Jeffersonian,' who is so curious in genealogy, have the goodness to tell what Richard M. Johnson begat?"—Louisville Jour.

"The Jeffersonian could give to the Journal the same answer that a Paddy did to his friend and countryman who appeared very much puzzled to find out the sex of (Pat's) child, when informed that it was neither a son nor a daughter."

Observer and Rep.

"Well Pat," said a bold son of the Emerald Isle, to an old friend who had just arrived in this land of liberty, 'do you know that I'm married?' 'No,' said Pat. 'By Said Patrick, but I am, and a beautiful little offspring have I—but by the powers you can't guess what it is.' 'I can at two guesses,' said Pat. 'Well try.' 'It's a son.' 'It's a daughter.' 'No.' 'By Saint Patrick, I give it up.' 'Why' you spalpeen, it's a Nigger."

A question for the Observer—when was it that this abhorrence of "nigger" was generated in the Clay party?—How long is it since even in this "Athens of the West"—and within a stone's throw too of Ashland—we could not walk a square without demonstrative evidence of the Irishman's "puzzle"—in the extraordinary number of mullattoes, &c. whose pedigrees are ennobled with the best blood of the country—penetrating even to the chaste Orator of Ashland. And how long has it been since the complaint was universal among "property holders" that their premises were nightly invaded and their Kitchens prostituted to the "puzzling" operation of some of the high bred aristocracy of this city!

Then away ye "Kitchen Cabinet with your gibes against Col. Johnson—for the anecdote of Mr. Clay and the black trunk—t—t—t bend, &c. where he figured in his palmy days are canonised in our Kitchen legends and are not forgotten!

SIGNS.

At a public dinner lately given to Gov. McDuffie, at Barnwell Court House—and at which Ex-Gov. Hayne was present—both gentlemen took occasion to disavow the course taken by a portion of the party in supporting Judge White. They advise that the State keep aloof from the Presidential election.

At a great meeting of the wigs at Faneuil Hall, Boston: The following resolution among others was passed:—

Resolved, Therefore, under the influence of these feelings and opinions, that we concur in the nomination of Daniel Webster as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and tender to our decided and earnest support; that though others waver, or faulter, or surrender, our purpose still is, not to despair in the cause of liberty and the country, but to meet the crisis with zeal, as well as firmness, and to adhere to what we esteem principle and duty, let who will follow or who will fly.—

A good hit at Mr. Clay and his western friends, who have received the nomination of Mr. Webster with great coolness.

Wonder where Judge White expects to get the 145 votes, which are to elect him president—can any one guess?

"I've seen a little village cur,
Bay with incessant yell the silver moon,
Which she, enthroned on her peony car,
Moved on undimmed."

The whining puppy, C. of the Intelligencer, for he is too deficient, to be entitled to the name of Bull dog or Cur; who is eternally assailing the ears of the peaceful inhabitants of our "gracious city," with his piteous moanings—seems hard run indeed, for something where-with to satiate his canine appetite. We are not so much surprised at it now, as the dog days are approaching; but hydrophobia is much to be feared from that source—he is snapping and snarling to such a degree, that the city authorities should enforce the dog law. It would not be judicious to expend powder and lead to rid the town of such a pest, he should be "hung, and that well hung."—Such a thing ought to be elevated.

For the Kentucky Gazette.

The lands of the West have been considered too high; they have been and are far above the advantage we derive from them. In the usual course of culture and proceeds, we have seldom or never drawn the legal interest upon the capital employed. "The fault is our own, and a little reflection will not only prove the fact, but suggest the remedy, with the best of soils, and the best of climates; agricultural labour has been but badly rewarded, indeed the rise of real property, seems rather to have been produced by the comforts, than the profits of rural life.

In the early settlements of the west, particularly of Kentucky, the prime objects of pursuit were the necessities of life. We then contracted habits well adapted to our then situation, but wholly unsuitable and inopposite to the present pay, yet from the influence of long habit, and the force of example, the practice and the usage are hard to throw off—and though now a commercial

a moneyed, and an enterprising people, we proceed in many respects, as we did, when deprived of all these advantages. We may say of Kentucky, what has been said of Ireland; a country for which God has done so much and man so little!

The article, hemp, has now become the decided staple of Kentucky. It is not necessary to constitute a staple that it should be the most profitable commodity, of a state or nation, but, that it should be the most certain and ready sale—and a cash article. Hemp in that point of view, may be fairly considered a staple; though, it has labored under such disadvantages, that the grower has derived but very inadequate profit from it. When it was our only care, to provide necessities, hemp was sown in patches, after the hony of the spring business was over, some corner or slip of a new field, (and all our fields were then new) was reserved for making hemp. A slight ploughing, and an awkward broadcast new field, would produce a plenty for all the purposes contemplated. The hardy frontier boy and the few slaves that were then amongst us, were clothed in summer with it, and the only remaining use for which it was made, was that of plough lines and bed-cords. In constituting so unimportant an item, and so little sufficing, no provision was made for the care and safe keeping of it, it was after having been badly and indifferently cleaned, put by in the cellar or up in the garret loft, pitched into the corn crib, or into the lumber house, where it remained safely until the occasional calls made necessary for the above purposes. Thieves were never tempted to steal so cumbersome and unmarketable an article, and no other or further security was deemed necessary.

And now when it is the first article of our traffic, source of our wealth, and the first object of our labor, skill and improvement, we provide for its safe keeping in the same way yet. There is not one man in twenty, among the hemp raisers, that has a suitable hemp-house to deposit his hemp in, after it is broke out and made ready for market. The evils growing out of this seemingly unimportant circumstance are incalculable. In the first place, it is the cause of its being hurried into market improperly, and thence keeping down the price. So soon as a planter has got out his crop, although he has no call for the money, the first care is to make sale of his hemp, just to get it out of his way—and next to get clear of the risk.

Besides the danger of it being stolen, an occurrence we hear of every day, when the article is in demand, it is highly combustible, and the whole place of deposit, often the dwelling house, is daily and nightly in danger of being burnt up. Happening in Lexington not long since, I met with, in the course of the day, three respectable farmers, who had that day sold their hemp at \$82, professing an entire confidence that it would yet be ten, each one had the same reason for having done so, which was that he had no safe place to store it, and that he wanted it out of his way—that he was so much afraid of accidents, that he could not sleep of nights. Thus it has not only a powerful effect in keeping down the price, but operates as a heavy curse upon the manufacturers in compelling him to hazard so heavy a loss in so large a quantity as he is compelled to take in to accommodate the sellers, who will have it out of their way.—Had we safe, dry and well locked store-houses, well shrouded and shingled, which would cost very little, of either frame or log; we might contentedly keep it, until the manufacturer would want it, which could then be delivered by cart or wagon beds, not only avoiding the alarming hazard of large quantities being burnt on his hands at once, but almost avoiding the hazard of being burnt altogether, as there would be but little difficulty of extinguishing a fire, when communicated to a small quantity, besides the means easily could be provided by every manufacturer of having a room for a small quantity that might be made entirely fire proof.

If every grower of hemp, had a safe and convenient store, it would produce a standing rise in the price of the article, of at least 50 per cent. besides the advantages enumerated; if the manufacturers were obstinately resolved to keep down the price, as has been the case for some years past, we could withhold the article, having it stored in safe houses, dry and secure from both fire and theft—we could lay it up from year to year, until a fair price could be obtained, which has never failed to be the case, at least once in four years. A common opinion has prevailed, that hemp was a good article at five dollars; it never was a correct conclusion; there never has been a time that it could be advantageously raised for that—but even admitting it, how absurd and ridiculous would it be to advance such an opinion now. The unwholesomeness of the labor and injury and deterioration of soil, in addition to the culture of most other commodities have always been reasons why it could not be raised cheap or at a low price. The dust which proceeds from both the blossom and rotted stalk, the first in pulling or cutting, the second in breaking, are very injurious, and when inhaled by breathing, corrodes and oppresses the lungs and produces a cough like an approaching consumption; and its injurious effects are not removed sometimes for months afterwards. The exhaustion of soil is produced rather by the washing it away, than by any sterility or barrenness arising from the culture of the article. Although all lands are better of being broken and pulverized for any use whatever. Hemp requires the soil to be prepared in a manner almost peculiar to itself, it requires to be reduced to a powder, to ensure any thing like success in raising a crop; in that state the spring rains always fall hasty and impetuously wash away a vast quantity of the lightened up dust soil leaving our fields hard and impoverished to a most mortifying degree. The price of land has arisen to such an extent, and the price of labor too, particularly hemp labor that twice the sum suggested is scarcely adequate—and yet if not properly considered and guarded against, we shall still be the drags of the commercial world, and labor and toil in vain. The rise of cotton produces a rise of any thing else, and if hemp is to remain stationary or at old prices, we shall suffer loss and no derive profit from such rise, we shall be taxed with increased prices upon every article of use and consumption, and have to meet the accumulated evil, without any participation in the progressing advancement of our country. Land and negroes, the capital engaged in raising our only staple, are now nearly double the former prices and still rising—and the lands have so increased in price, they have not increased in value, and are now obviously requiring more labor with less profit to the cultivator.

Some reflections of this and other points will be the subject of a second number.

PENN.

For the Kentucky Gazette.

HIGH BRED STOCK.

MR. EDITOR.—It is pleasant to have genealogies by our fingers ends, and it is especially interesting and instructive to dip into the heraldry of our knights of the shambles, who divide the hoof and chew the cud; and ruminate over our fields and woodland pastures, that I have ventured to make out a pedigree of a family or so, of the improved Short Horned breed of cattle, without so much as the hundredth part of Long Horn, so thought of at the present, for the instruction of your intelligent and inquisitive readers, who, I doubt not, will be, one and all, vastly obliged to me for having shed so much light on the darkness of past times. It is not my intention to occupy all the ground; that portion which runs into ages long gone by, I leave to the investigation of more profound, quadrupedal antiquaries; to those who have the talent and patience of tracing it down, not only to the first gaulish pair that set their venerable hoofs upon British ground, but to that chosen seven that were saved in Noah's Ark. To be able to trace the pedigree of our improved short horns from some one of the pairs of the ark would be very gratifying. And as we have varieties of cattle, as long horns, middle horns, short horns and mules, with no horns at all,—gentlemen of antiquarian research know not how vastly the lovers of good beef and milk would be delighted by the almost infinite array of granddams and grand sires, down to one of the Noachic pairs. As seven certainly went into the ark, I leave genealogists to determine accurately how many were of each variety, we might know whether the long or the short horns, the middle horns, or the mules, or what other kind was preferred by Noah himself and our antediluvian progenitors. It is also a matter of importance to know how many died in the ark, and how many were lost, and the facts of an small moment in these days of profound and minute enquiry. Forth, I dare say, had no herd book—he had no use for one, as there were then none to buy well blooded stock but his own children, grand children, and it might be, great grand children; and from the known partiality of genealogists for their own families, it may be fairly inferred that he threw no dust into their eyes, and never once thought of screwing a good bargain out of any of them. No, No! herd books were then of no use; pedigrees were too short to be a matter of curiosity; and there certainly were few traders, as few speculators, and no gentlemen of fancy, at this very early period. These, however, are nothing more than my own ideas and speculations, but the subjects are undoubtedly worthy of profound investigation, and especially of gentlemen who are deeply imbued with genealogies, or are the depositaries of pedigrees.

The following pedigree of the celebrated bull Saint Martin, and of the cow Lady Motley, the result of no small enquiry, is intended to be an improvement in form, as well as to shed light over darkness, and to dispel the doubts of skeptics. Saint Martin was got by Holderness; he by Owen and Owen by Griffith, and Griffith by Owen Griffith, and he by Griffith Owen, Griffith Owen by Broad-buck, out of a Galloway Muley, and he by Hunchback, out of Herlessbook Muley. See herd book, vol. 10. Lady Motley was got of Mrs. Holderness, she out of Mrs. Owen, she out of Mrs. Griffith, bred in and entirely too much; Mrs. Griffith out of Highland Kitty, a strong cross; she by Lady Mellowtouch, and she out of a fine Roan Cow which took the premium twice at My Lord Slabside's at the fairs in 1730 and 1731. I have omitted the dams of these two fine animals and their ancestry, leaving them to be filled up from our tables of genealogy, which are in such good keeping, as well as all the edifying graces of a g. g. dam and sire, so free and instructively used with all becoming gravity and sincerity, by quadrupedal antiquaries of any grade.

I may, Mr. Editor, make another effort to enlighten the community of breeders, on the best, the newest, and the cheapest method of raising improved stock of all kinds; of the economy of subdividing bulls into common property, in as much as it will save food to admiration, and the animals be preserved in that high state of bone which is peculiar to all such, who are in the good keeping of the many; but above all, of the most economical of plans, of breeding fine cattle, may by the strong cross of the high blood of the corn fields. It will do me good to shed even the smallest ray of light upon this absorbing subject. As I am sure of getting the blessings of all the lovers of fine cattle, and thus be amply repaid for the labor and learning I have devoted for their benefit. And I may also suggest, hereafter, something useful in the way of more economically breeding the turf house upon an entirely new and improved plan, by making more use of the large boned varieties, and of old mares, than men of simple understanding ever think of. And with all becoming respect, I have the honor to be, Mr. Editor, your friend and acquaintance.

OLD ROUNDIE.

From the Baltimore Farmer.

COWS.

There is a vast difference in cows as regards the quality of their milk, as also to the quantity they yield daily to the farmers, or others who possess them. This every one knows who has given the subject that attention necessary to enable him to judge correctly. There is also a difference in the quality of butter made from different cows—some cows will yield pale, whapish butter, while others will produce that which is of a rich deep yellow, and altogether of a superior flavor and quality. Now to ascertain this, the milk of each cow should be set apart, not mix with other cow's milk, and the cream churned separately, and then the different qualities of butter can be accurately ascertained. Something, however, depends on the cool, airy situations where milk is set, as also the state of the atmosphere. If the weather is "muggy," cream will not rise so well as when the air is pure, or the wind northerly or westerly.

Various ways are adduced to ascertain the goodness of the milk cows. The best and most simple is as follows:

Take a glass tumbler of any size from half a pint upward—paste from the top downward a strip of white paper from one eighth to a quarter of an inch in width. Then with a pair of compasses or dividers, space it off into half inch distances—divide these distances with a pen and ink into quarters, eighths and sixteenths,—which for want of a better term you may call degrees. This done take the fresh milk of a prime cow, (one known to be such), and fill the tumbler to any degree marked on the paper—only remember it for future use—and set it away any number of hours in a cool place, and the cream on the top may be seen through the glass as also the number of degrees of its thickness—which should be noted down for future use. Then take the milk of another cow and fill the tumbler to the same degree as was previously done—set it in the same place, the same number of hours, in a similar atmosphere, and the difference, if any, will be perceived by the thickness of the cream standing against the degrees marked on the paper as aforesaid.

By graduating a number of tumblers

of the same size and shape, the goodness of the milk of any number of cows can be tested at one time, by observing the above rules: which will be full as correct, as different days will produce a difference in the thickness of cream. In this way the milk of heifers can be tested; and the certainty or not whether they will make good cows can be easily known. Some dairy people procure graduated glasses on purpose to test the quality of milk from different cows. This would be better if people had them—but as they have not, the above simple method is within the reach and capacity of any one to put in practice.

THE TEAR.

Alone stood the glancing tear,
In her dark and sorrowing eye;
Reserved till the moments drew near;
To falter a final good bye.
No longer the eye could retain,
Those emblems of sorrow and love;
They fell—to prevent was in vain,
Like showers which come from above.
'Twas pain, and not mingled with pleasure,
These dear falling tear-drops to see;
Than diamonds a far better treasure,
These tears—they were tears shed for me.

REMOVAL

OF THE NEW
DRUG AND CHEMICAL
STORE.

GEORGE W. NORTON

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that having purchased the Drug Store of Jones & Norton, he has removed to the corner, well known and occupied for a great number of years as Jones & Norton's.

The two establishments united, form a general and extensive stock of
Medicines, Paints, Dye-Stuffs, Oils, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments,
Glass-Ware, &c. &c.

And greater inducements will now be given to wholesale purchasers than our city has heretofore offered.

Among the stock are the following:
1500 lbs. Epsom Salts; 1000 lbs. Glauber Salts; 500 lbs. Cream of Tartar; 150 lbs. Camphor; 250 lbs. Soc. Alor; 500 lbs. Turpentine; 100 lbs. Pul. Jalap; 200 lbs. Carb. Magnesia; 1000 lbs. Venetian Red; 50 galls. Black Varnish; 400 lbs. Blue Vitriol; 1200 lbs. Oil of Vitriol; 500 lbs. Aqua Fortis and Sup. Nitric Acid; 450 lbs. Gum Shellac; 400 lbs. Copal; 1500 lbs. Sp. Whiting; 1000 lbs. Soc. Blinder; 1200 lbs. Soc. Brown; 500 lbs. Ground Logwood; 100 gross Bottle Corks, (rebel.) &c. &c. &c.

All orders from Physicians and dealers in medicines, addressed to the subscriber will be thankfully received. His personal attention will be given to the compounding of prescriptions.

South of the Court House, Main st. Lex.
June 3, 1835.—23-3m

FOR SALE.

A NEAT little residence on the Lexington and Maysville Turnpike, 3 miles from Lexington, containing one acre and a half. There are on the place a good Log dwelling-house, Kitchen, Blacksmith-Shop, and other out-houses; with a WELL of first rate water and pump in it. The terms of sale will be made reasonable. Any person wishing to purchase will please call on the subscriber residing on the premises.

JAMES M. SUTTON.

June 8, 1835.—23-4

Just Published, E. LITTLE'S MUSEUM,

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.
For JUNE, 1835.

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OBITUARY.

- Thomas Pringle, Esq. Gentleman's Magazine.
- Mr. F. W. Smith. Ibid.
- James Heath. Ibid.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

